



The book.



magicbook

 897  122  100

Chapter 1 by Zacky D I guess

It was a normal day.

i had been dusting in the attic with my brother, when i knocked over a box and out fell a dusty old book.

I blew the dust off of it and called my brother to come look at it.

There was a pencil with the inscription, Infinite graphite pencil attached by a moldy string to the book.

The only thing written in the book was, 'Whatever you write in this book will come true, so be you'll very careful won't you?'

So, to test the words, we wrote, 'the duster dusted the attic all by itself.'

suddenly the duster started to float, and it dusted the entire attic all by itself.

at first we used the book only for chores, then we started to play around with it, and just about that time was when me and my brother both found out we were werewolves, because they were awesome.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 2 by Vin Phoenix



My hands shook as I opened the book. My brother handed me the pen. "Do it," he said.

I put pen to paper and slowly wrote the words. "Jonathan and David Nesbit are werewolves."

"What do you think mom and dad will say?" My brother asked.

I smiled. "This will be our secret."

Nothing much changed at first. We still went to school, we played with our friends, we went to sports on the weekend. The days slowly passed. Both of us almost forgot about what I had written, until the bullies had a go at my little brother.

He was small, even for his age, and not very popular. They wouldn't leave him alone at school, and several times he had come home with a black eye. This time it was different, this time he came home with blood all over his shirt.

"What the hell happened?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he replied. "They hit me and..."

I grabbed his shirt. "What did you do?"

"I don't know! I don't remember."

"Whose blood is this?"

He looked at the floor and shook his head.

It was three days later that they found the body of Billy Bradson. They wouldn't tell us how he died, but my brother and I knew.

"We have to stop this," I said to him one night after dinner. He nodded.

We went back to the attic the next day after school but the book was gone.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 3 by Evan

"I thought you put it in the box," I said to my brother while in the
midst of fumbling through the attic, searching desperately for the magic book.

Login

or

Create new account

"I did! I swear!" My brother shrieked back, on the verge of tears at the thought of not being able to turn back to normal.

Or worse....being caught.

After a solid 30 minutes of looking, I sat down next to my sobbing brother in the corner of the attic, trying to figure out some way to make light of the situation.

"Well, let's look at it this way, we don't change into hideous monsters at night. It's only when we're angry, or emotionally distressed. So we can control it!"

He said nothing back; only looking at me and wiping his tear-reminiscent eyes.

"So if we can control our emotions, then maybe this can be our little secret. Ok?"

He said nothing back for quite sometime, only looking at the floor.

"Ok." He finally said.

We, suddenly, heard a knock on our front door. It was only 2:00, our parents don't get home from work until 5:00. And I've been home alone long enough to know it's not the mail man.

We quietly walked downstairs to the door. My brother reached for the door, but I stopped him before he could reach the doorknob.

"Wait..." I whispered as I peaked my head through the blinds in front of our window right next to the door. There was a tall, very strong looking man at our front door, unusually close to the door. He kept peaking at his watch, looking very impatient. Seemed like a guy you wouldn't want to mess with.

I told my brother to get behind me as I slowly creaked open the door, just enough so the man could see my face.

"Hello?"

See more of Story Wars

"Hi, yes!" The man spoke. I heard him very clearly and felt like he was anxious, or even nervous.

Login

or

Create new account

"I think you have my book."

Chapter 4 by V.



He knows.

The man had a foul stench, a mixture of dirt and sweat. The odor burned my nostrils and put a sting in my eyes. His murky brown hair was filled with grime and grease leaving a film across his unshaven face.

I try to swallow but there's a hard lump in my throat. Who the Hell is this man? How the hell does he know about the book? It's hard to think past the overwhelming odor of him. My instinct kicks in and I realize just how dangerous the situation has become. It didn't dawn on me before, the power of the book, the book that brings anything you write into existence. I can't let this man have it, it's too dangerous, so I pretend not to know what he's talking about.

"You're book?" I ask, with false confusion in my voice.

The man didn't speak, instead he just stared at me intently, sniffing in the air around him as if he, too, couldn't handle his own stench. His gaze was hard and strong and his eyes were filled with such a depth I couldn't tell whether I wanted to scream or lean in for a closer look. He narrowed his gaze and my eyes began to burn. I felt as if they would erupt into flames if I didn't hurry and look away. That's when he turned those black pits on his face to David.

His voice no longer shaky, with a gurgle in his throat, the man stated with force "maybe David knows where my book is".

David gasped as if the man forced the air right out of him. "He knows my name" David said weekly, eyes already swollen with fear.

I'll be damned if this man is going to try to intimidate my little brother.

"Look mister, we don't have your stupid book and my dad will be home soon so I suggest you leave before he gets here." I slammed the door shut with such force the frame around it buckled

in protest, and I locked it for good measure, killing the man in up and disappear.

See more of Story Wars

The man stood there for a moment, his eyes wide and staring. Why won't he leave? Just then the man uttered a low, guttural sound, a growl that sent a shiver down my spine.

Login

or

Create new account

I let out a breath, I could breathe again though the air was, it seemed, forever marked by the identifying stench of the man. The lump in my throat was gone. But the words the man spoke just before he turned to leave swirled like a vortex in my head, I couldn't make sense of them, I was too shaken up to think.

In a snap that sent a chill deep into my bones, the words fell into place.

"You'll be sorry for this Johnathan Nesbit, for this was your second mistake."

My second mistake? What was my first? Was he talking about us writing ourselves as werewolves? How does this jerk off know everything?

We didn't mean to hurt anyone.

David shivered behind me so that I almost heard his body shudder. "Don't worry David, we still have the book, we just need to find it. If we can find the book we can erase the part about being werewolves." And write that man out of existence.

I didn't tell this part to David, he's too young to understand. But the man left me with no choice. He knows too much and he's already threatened us. He'll come back and when he does, I'll deal with him one way or another.

"Just start looking, we have to find it before mom and dad get home."

"But where John? We already looked everywhere for it"

"Well look again, just go, we don't have much time."

And with that David turned, eyes scanning the room.

We just have to find the book. Everything is going to be okay, I can fix this, I just have to find the book.

Think John, think.

See more of Story Wars

Where the freak is that book?

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 5 by Zacky & I guess



(Hey, this is the creator of this story here, I just wanted to say thanks to everyone who has submitted a chapter, you are all wonderful people. With the thank you's out of the way...)

We searched everywhere, Literally leaving no stone un-turned.

When we were searching the attic we found a few other things, a pencil tied to a broken string, A neat drawing one of our cousins drew, Lots of paper.

Wait... string with a pencil? paper?

The papers made a trail....

We followed the trail of messy papers to the window.

another Paper fell from the ceiling and we looked up, Just a upturned box labeled papers.

Then my brother looked out the window.

It was a wonderful view, but we didn't see the book there either.

We were just about to give up when we remembered that we were SUPPOSED to have cleaned out the attic, And we never finished due to the book, We looked out the window again to see the garbage truck picking up the garbage can.

Out fell A bunch of trash, Some sort of necklace, and the book.

"There it is." we both announced with both glee and worry.

Chapter 6 by Christina Adkins



But this time, when we wrote in the book, nothing happened. We couldn't undo our mistakes.

Running outside, I was screaming as loud as I could to get the trash man to stop picking up the

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

looking at us over his shoulder as he stepped back onto his platform and signaled the driver to pull away.

There was a frightened look in his eye, but it wasn't until I finally looked over at David that I understood why. His eyes had turned bright yellow. I knew that could only mean one thing. I pulled out my phone and Googled 'Lunar Calendar'. We had two days until the full moon. "Well David, at least we have our book. Let's go back to the attic and fix this once and for all."

We climbed up the stairs and into the dusty attic. Sitting Indian-Style on the floor, I wasted no time taking my pen and hastily scribbling "Jonathan and David Nesbit are NOT werewolves. They are normal children." Whew! Relief. It was over with. But, it wasn't. David's eyes were still yellow, so I knew it hadn't worked. I tried again, writing more slowly and deliberately this time. "Jonathan and David Nesbit are NOT werewolves." No such luck. Something was wrong with the book. I tried not to look scared, I didn't want David to start freaking out, but it was too late. His lip began to quiver and he burst into tears. "Am I going to eat people Jonathan?" he asked between sobs. The poor little dude was a wreck, and I knew I had to do something to fix it. Big brothers are supposed to look after their little brothers sometimes, right? I felt partially responsible for the whole situation, and I didn't know what I was going to do to fix something I couldn't explain in the first place.

I peeked out the attic window, pondering what to do next, when suddenly I saw the tall man that had visited us earlier, standing outside staring up at me. I threw myself on the floor impulsively, further upsetting a now hysterical David. I couldn't bear seeing him like this, I had to do something. He looked both scared and viscous, his yellow eyes glowing even brighter somehow in the dark cover of the attic. I hadn't even thought about myself. I took a glance in the dusty mirror tucked away in a the corner. My eyes were just as yellow, and had seemed to change shape a little. Maybe I was just imagining things. I straightened myself up, dusted off my clothes and turned to David. "Stay here", I said. "Don't worry, this will all be settled soon." I scooped up the book and made my way downstairs, trying to calm my growing anxiety to no avail.

By the time I made it outside, I was a mess. My palms were sweating, my heart was pounding

and I could feel my entire body shaking in fear. I walked deliberately afraid of losing my footing and taking a fall if I walked too fast. I saw the tall, stinky man again. I opened my mouth, but no sound came out. He merely chuckled at me, as he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a small object.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

earlier. "I have something you need, and you have something I need" he said. But why did I need a necklace? I needed the book fixed!

Chapter 7 by Amelia Rose



"Cut the crap, dude. I need this fixed, and you know it, not some necklace." I pause, hesitating for a moment, before sighing. "Please, just help me and my brother. I don't want to kill anyone."

The man laughs. "But child, don't you see? You already have."

I frown. What was this man talking about?

Chapter 8 by Raspberry



"You may still look like yourself but the wolf that is now inside of you is slowly taking over. Given enough time, the savage beast inside of you will take complete control and you won't be human anymore," he says knowing that realization was creeping up on me.

"Does that mean I am going to look like a wolf the rest of my life?" I look up at him with fear.

"You may keep your human form, but your brother, from the look of the body of Billy Bradson he will have to learn to control his emotions because his beast is much fiercer than the one that possesses you."

The man turns to leave. He knows what happened to us, he knows how to help. He can't leave! We need his help!

"Wait, can you help us, please! I'll give you the book, money, anything you want." I rant in desperation. "My little brother needs my help and I will do anything to help him! I'll do whatever it takes to save him from the creature inside."

"The book will suffice." The tall lanky man says with assurance, "Have him wear this necklace, and never let him take it off. Do you understand?"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

With that he turned and walked away.

I go back inside filled with relief. There a was a chance that my brother and I wouldn't be werewolves for the rest of our lives.

Write a comment...



StoryWriter92

4 months ago

I loved this story!!! I found it too late (as it has already been finished. I would have loved to have added a chapter. Zacky D I guess, if you see this comment, would you mind if I started a sequel?

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account